

M. G. Cullen Jr.

Edward Carpenter



THE MAN
AND
HIS MESSAGE



NEW EDITION
WITH NEW PORTRAITS

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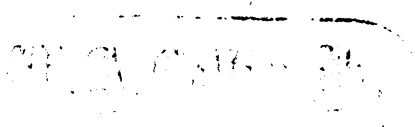
1906.

Edward Carpenter :

The Man and his Message

By
TOM SWAN

Third Edition, with new portraits



LONDON
ARTHUR C. FIFIELD
44, FLEET STREET, E.C.
1905

T**O** *thee old cause !*
Thou peerless, passionate, good cause—
Thou stern, remorseless, sweet idea,
Deathless throughout the ages, races, lands.

—WHITMAN.

Edward Carpenter :

THE MAN AND HIS MESSAGE.

I.

THE MAN.

*"Dower'd with the hate of hate, the scorn of scorn,
The love of love."*

—TENNYSON.

LN his preface to the original edition of *Leaves of Grass* Walt Whitman says many significant things concerning the qualifications and the functions of the Democratic poet. To one who would be a "maker of poems" he gives the following advice:—"This is what you shall do: Love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to everyone that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labour to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence towards the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or number of men, re-examine all you have been told, in school or church or in any book, and dismiss whatever insults your own soul; and your very flesh shall be a great poem, and have the richest fluency, not only in words, but in the silent lines of its lips and face, between the lashes of your eyes, and in every motion and joint of your body."

The Poet of Democracy must not be merely an "idle singer of an empty day," but as J. A. Symonds says in

Walt Whitman: A Study: "He must be one who has understood the wonders of the world, whose eyes pierce below the surface, to recognise divinity in all that lives and breathes upon our planet. . . . The man of letters, the artist, who would fain prove himself adequate to democracy in its noblest sense, must emerge from earthly vapours of complacent self and artificial circumstances and decaying feudalism. It is his privilege to be free, and to represent freedom. It is his function to find a voice or mode of utterance, and ideal of form, which shall be on a par with nature, delivered from unscientific canons of interpretations, and with mankind delivered from obsolescent class-distinctions. . . . He must be gifted with imagination penetrative to the soul and life of fundamental realities, and his expression must be as simple, as suggestive, as inevitable as a natural object. He will aim at creating a new and independent vehicle of language suitable to the quality of his personal perceptions."

To what extent this ideal is realised in the person and the writings of Edward Carpenter, I shall, after submitting my evidence, leave the reader to decide.

Edward Carpenter was born at Brighton in 1844, and educated at Cambridge. He became a fellow of his college in 1868, took orders a year later, and was for some time a curate under Frederick Denison Maurice. Towards the end of 1872, however, the atmosphere of Cambridge and clerical life became unbearable; shams and conventions were hateful to him, and at length, as he told me himself, he felt that he "must leave or be suffocated." So he threw up his fellowship, relinquished orders, and for the next seven years devoted his time and labours to the University Extension movement, lecturing on astronomy, physical science, music, etc. While still at Cambridge, Carpenter had been filled with a desire to give to the world the thoughts and emotions which were afterwards to find such adequate expression in *Towards Democracy*. "I wanted," he tells us, "to write some sort of a book which should address itself very personally and closely to any one who cared to read

it—establish, so to speak, an intimate personal relation between myself and the reader; and during successive years I made several attempts to realise this idea none of my attempts satisfied me, however, and after a time I began to think the quest was an unreasonable one.”

Early in 1881 this desire had grown so strong that he gave up his lecturing for a time, in order that he might have leisure to work out these ideas. Carpenter was at this period living in a little cottage near Sheffield. Building himself a wooden hut in the garden, he set to work, and in this hut “or in the fields and woods, all that spring and summer, and on through the winter, by day and sometimes by night, in sunlight or in rain, in frost and snow, and all sorts of grey and dull weather,” he was engaged in writing what is without doubt his greatest work—*Towards Democracy*—the first edition of which was issued to the world in 1883. The task Carpenter had set himself was a difficult one, and we are compelled to recognise and admire his powers when we understand *how* difficult the task was, and how completely he succeeded in accomplishing it.

In that same year (1882) Carpenter acquired the freehold of a piece of land, about seven acres, built a small house upon it, and in conjunction with one or two workmen, friends and employees, set about cultivating the land as a market garden. From this time forward, for seven or eight years, his time was spent almost entirely in the companionship of the manual workers of Sheffield and the surrounding country, sharing their pursuits and their labours. The Socialist movement, which was now gathering force, enlisted his sympathies, and from 1882 onward he joined in the propaganda, speaking at the street corners and lecturing in Sheffield and other towns of the North of England. In 1886 an association of “Sheffield Socialists” was formed, partly in connection with William Morris and the Socialist League in London; a coffee-shop was started in a crowded district of Sheffield, and this became for a time the centre of an active propaganda.

At home, in the country, during this period, both at

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X } Bradway and Millthorpe, Carpenter took part in all the duties of farm and garden life, accustoming himself to the care of horses and cattle, carting of stone, and manure, and coal, the use of the hoe, the spade, the scythe, and the pick and shovel. About 1886 he also began making sandals (from a pattern sent from India) for the use of himself and friends; and this in time developed into a considerable business, which is now carried on by Mr. Adams, of Holmesfield, near Sheffield.

The result of this altered mode of life and thought was seen in the publication, in 1887, of *England's Ideal*: a series of papers on Simplification of Life, Desirable Mansions, Interest, etc. And this was followed (1889) by *Civilisation: its cause and cure*. Besides the paper which gives to the book its title, this volume contains essays on Modern Science, The Science of the Future, Custom, and a criticism of the Darwinian theory of evolution.

33 ✓ As early as 1877, Carpenter had visited the United States, chiefly, no doubt, for the purpose of seeing Whitman. In 1884 the visit was repeated. And on these two occasions he saw much of the "good gray poet" (see articles in the *Progressive Review*, February and April, 1897), and something of R. W. Emerson, Oliver Wendell Holmes, John Burroughs, R. M. Bucke, and others. In 1890 a journey to the East was undertaken—the object now being mainly to make the acquaintance in Ceylon of a Gnani, a representative of the ancient Wisdom-religion of India. The winter of 1890-1 was spent in Ceylon and India, and for nearly two months Carpenter sat at the feet of the Indian Sage; the rest of the time he travelled widely over the two countries. His impressions were published in 1892 in *From Adams Peak to Elephanta*: Sketches in Ceylon and India. In addition to the chapter on A Visit to a Gnani, this book contains chapters on the scenery, peoples, social customs, caste arrangements, and so forth, which came under his observation. In this book we have not merely the impressions of a tourist, but the profound reflections of a man seriously interested in the natives, and the grave

problems that we, as rulers of these two countries, will have to solve sooner or later—the reflection of a man, moreover, who by his sincere sympathy won not only the confidence but also the affection of the natives of all classes, from the poorest to some of the most influential.

During the next few years two more volumes of Carpenter's pregnant and characteristic essays were published, *Angel's Wings*—essays on art, music, etc., and their relation to life; and *Love's Coming of Age*—essays on Sex Love, Woman, Marriage, etc. *Love's Coming of Age* represents Carpenter's views on the relations of the sexes, and forms, along with Shelley's writings on the question, Democracy's grandest and surest pronouncement on this most important and complex subject. It is even more. There is nothing in the literature of the world—whether sacred or profane—purer or sweeter, than Carpenter's treatment of the question. I have before me, as I write, a letter from a friend of mine, to whom I had lent this book. He says: "I must confess I was a little astonished that the subject could be handled in such a delicate manner—it could not hurt anyone. It will enable many to take a higher-minded position on the subject."

In the present year (1902) Carpenter has given to the world an Anthology of Friendship, under the title of *Ioläus*. This is a collection of stories, legends, folk-customs, poetry and philosophy of friendship from quite early and primitive times down to our own; and forms a kind of supplement to *Love's Coming of Age*, so far as it deals with another phase of human affection and attachment. For Carpenter, like Walt Whitman, has a great belief in the value of comradeship and friendship as a political institution. Finally (also this year) we have a fourth part of *Towards Democracy* under the title *Who Shall command the Heart*. The three former parts, published respectively in 1883, in 1885 and 1892 are embodied in one volume. The present fourth part is published separately, but will, I think, ultimately be bound up with the rest. It follows, in the main, the same lines as our author's great work—which will, I believe,

be found to represent the heart and kernel of all his writings.

In addition to the books mentioned above, Carpenter has published a translation of the story of *Eros and Psyche*, has edited a volume of Socialist songs, with music; and has contributed many valuable papers, to various magazines.

The personality of Edward Carpenter is as interesting, and as full of significance, as his work. No living man that I am acquainted with, not even Tolstoy, has made such a profound, and complete, study of Life. His own life is singular for its simplicity and its nobility.

Carpenter does not merely stand for one phase of the democratic—the humanitarian movement—but for every phase—for the movement entire. Other men may specialise, some becoming land nationalisers, vegetarians, etc.; others may place their faith in rationalism, in religion, in educational or political reform. Carpenter embraces all of these and more. In him we have personified all the best characteristics of our race and time, the best characteristics of a period, be it noted, that is marked by many notable features; the broadening of the human outlook; the widening and deepening of sympathies—a period made illustrious by the fact that the claims not only of men, women, and children, but of all the animal kingdom are beginning to be recognised.

Edward Carpenter combines the scientist's faculty of accurate observation, the depth of the philosopher, with the insight and the power of expression of the poet. Such a combination is seldom found in one man. Who has united so successfully as he the philosophies and the sciences of the east and west? Who has given utterance to sweeter, more pregnant thoughts on most of the subjects that affect human life? Who has described more effectively, more truly, the symptoms of disease in the body politic? Who has gone more fearlessly to the roots, the causes of these symptoms; or given us a better remedy? Who more ready than he to devote his life and labours to the cause of the disinherited?

To indicate Carpenter's breadth I cannot do better than point to the fact that his character touches men as wide apart as Kropotkin and Ruskin; Tolstoy and William Morris; Shelley and Walt Whitman. His writings range from the black smoke-nuisance to the meaning of life; from market-gardening to the immortality of the soul. Perhaps the most striking feature of the man, as of his work, is his perfect balance—sanity. As E. H. Crosby says: "There is a sweet reasonableness in his wildest assertions and a twinkle of merriment in his eye when his thought is at its deepest."

In stature Carpenter is rather tall; his limbs are well though slightly formed; and his face, in spite of the fact that his beard and hair are nearly grey, still bears a close resemblance to his photo of 1887. His manner is kind and considerate, without being in the least demonstratively so; in him is found no sign of patronage or aloofness. On first meeting him I felt that here at least was a man to whom one might speak freely without being misunderstood or misjudged; one who would "remove stumbling-blocks instead of creating them." Closer acquaintance has confirmed my first impression.

II. HIS PHILOSOPHY.

Philosophy consists in an insight into the essential substances of things.

—W. CLARKE.

I arise and pass—dreaming the dream of the soul's slow disentanglement.

—E. CARPENTER.

To dispel the mystery which surrounds the origin and destiny of Man has been the hope and aspiration of the thoughtful in all ages. The oldest written records of which we have knowledge prove that the three interrogations—the Why, the Whence, and the Whither had, even at the dawn of history, the same strange fascination they possess to-day. These questions probably suggested themselves to man when he first began to reflect on the nature of his environments; and would become more and more pressing as the faculty of reflection was developed. With the birth of consciousness would come a desire to know from what power this consciousness came; how life itself came into being; and why. With the evolution of intelligence these problems would not only grow in importance, but the desire to solve them would also become more and more intense. Every religious creed, every system of philosophy, no matter when, where, or by whom formulated, has had as its object the solution of one or more of these questions; has been an attempt to ascertain, and define, man's relationship to the rest of the universe.

If these world-old questions are to be answered, with any degree of satisfaction, it is necessary that the answerer should know, and understand, the story of man's ascent. I admit that the answers given by some of the earliest of the world's great teachers are, in many respects,

Thank you me.

His Philosophy

II

identical with that given by modern science. It is quite true that every religious creed, every system of philosophy, contains, at least, some elements of truth. But it is also true that none of the ancient cosmologies are free from very grave errors; errors that science alone can rectify. Studied in the light of recent science the teachings of the past assume new significance; greater interest. But not until they are interpreted in an evolutionary spirit can we estimate their real value. While admitting that we have hardly improved on their attempts to explain the origin of life, we may look with hope to the sciences of sociology and psychology to make clear to us many things that were hidden from the ancients. It is in this direction especially that Edward Carpenter's contributions to science and philosophy are of so much importance.

The basis from which Carpenter starts is well defined in the following passage from one of his letters to me:—"I find that my thought proceeds upon an Assumption—namely that all existence is an Emanation (an Expression, a Revelation) of one Being underlying." In reference to the development of the different organisms and species he says:—"The rationale of all growth or evolution is recognition—recognition of the Soul, in self or others. Side by side with the egoistic or individualising force which we must assume as breaking down the One into the Many—and which has the character of darkness and blindness and ignorance—comes the upbuilding illuminating power which leads the Many back to the One—which reveals to the Many that they are One." This process is described in detail by Carpenter in *Exfoliation, Civilisation: its cause and cure*, and other of his Essays; and is worked out in a perfectly logical manner, and is put forward with exceptional brilliancy and force. On the question of evolution Carpenter inclines in the direction of Lamarck rather than in that of Charles Darwin. In summarising the theory expounded by Carpenter I shall, wherever possible, use his own words; and I shall follow the same course in subsequent chapters.

Could the
process be?

"It is often said by Biologists that *function precedes organisation*—that is, man fights with his fellows before he makes weapons to fight with ; the rudimentary animal digests food (as in the case of the amoeba) before it acquires a stomach or organ of digestion ; it sees or is sensitive to light before it grows an eye ; in society letters are carried by private hands before an organised postal system is created. Such facts properly considered are of vital importance. They show us, as it were by a sign-post, the direction of creation. They show how any new thing or modification of an old thing may come into being. They may be supplemented by a second statement—namely that *desire precedes function*. That is, man desires to injure his fellow before he actually fights with him ; he experiences the wish to communicate with distant friends before ever he thinks of sending such a thing as a letter ; the amoeba craves for food first, and circumvents its prey afterwards. Desire, or inward change, comes first, action follows, and organisation or outward structure is the result."

Carpenter does not, cannot believe that the evolution of man is due entirely to some accidental characteristic possessed by some of his non-human ancestors. In answer to the arguments of the Darwinians he says:—"If the progenitors of man took to going upright on two legs instead of on all fours, merely because a few of them by *chance* were born with a talent for that position, which enabled them to escape the fanged and pursuing beasts, then when this danger was removed they might have plumped down again into the old attitude ; but if the change was part and parcel of a true evolution—a true *unfolding* of a higher form latent within—an organic growth of the creature itself, then, though the moment of the evolution of this particular faculty might be determined by the fanged beasts, the fact of such evolution could not be determined by them. Besides are we to suppose that Man, the lord and ruler of the animals, came by way of *escape* from the animals? Do lords and rulers generally come so? Was it fear that made him a man? Were it not likelier that in

that case he would have turned into a worm? He would have escaped better perhaps that way. Is it not rather probable that there is some nobler power that worked transforming—some dim desire and prevision of a more perfect form, the desire itself being the first consciousness of the urge of growth in that direction—that prompted him to push in the one direction rather than the other when he had to hold his own against the tigers?

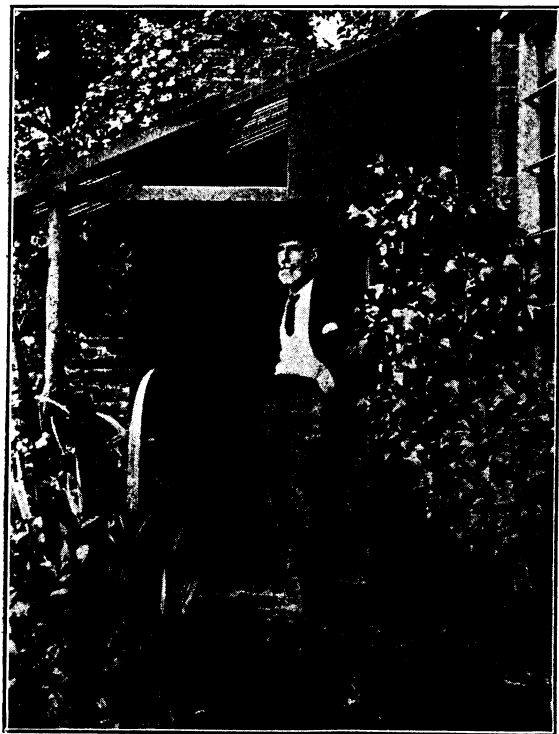
“On the whole then, judging from man himself (and it seems most cautious and scientific to derive our main evidence from the being that we are best acquainted with), it certainly seems to me that though the external conditions are a very important factor in Variation, the central explanation of this phenomenon should be sought in an inner law of Growth—a law of expansion more or less common to all animate nature. Partly because, as said before, the unfolding of the creature from its own needs and inward nature is an organic process, and likely to be persistent, while its modification by external causes must be more or less fortuitous and accidental and sometimes in one direction and sometimes in another; partly also because the movement from within outwards seems to be most like the law of creation in general.

“The Theory of Exfoliation then differs from that very specialised form of Evolution which has been adopted by modern science, in this particular among others: that it fixes the attention on that which appears last in order of Time, as the most important in order of causation, rather than on that which appears first; and recalls to us the fact that often in any succession of phenomena, that which is first in order of precedence and importance is the last to be externalised. Thus in the growth of a plant we find leaf after leaf appearing, petal within petal—a continual exfoliation of husks, sepals, petals, stamens and what-not; but the object of all this movement, and that which in a sense sets it all in motion, namely the seed, is the very last thing of all to be manifested. the cells are not the origin of Man, but Man is the original of the cells. The rationale

of sea-anemones and mud-fish and flying-foxes and elephants has to be looked for in man; he alone underlies them. And man is not a vertebrate because his ancestors were vertebrate; but the animals are vertebrate, because or in so far as they are fore-runners and off-shoots of man."

It is, as was indicated at the commencement of this chapter, Carpenter's firm conviction that "there is a force at work throughout creation, ever urging each type onward into new and newer forms. This force appears first in consciousness in the form of *desire*. Within each shape of life sleep wants without number, from the lowest and simplest to the most complex and ideal. As each new desire or ideal is evolved, it brings the creature into conflict with its surroundings, then gaining its satisfaction externalises itself in the structure of the creature, and leaves the way open for the birth of a new ideal. If then we would find a key to the understanding of the expansion and growth of all animate creation, such a key may exist in the nature of desire itself and the comprehension of its real meaning.

"What then is desire in Man? Here we come back again, as suggested at the outset, to Man himself. Though we see pretty clearly that desire is at work in the animals, and that it is the same in kind as exists in man, still among the animals it is but dim and inchoate, while in man it is developed and luminous; in ourselves, too, we know it immediately, while in the animals only by inference. For both reasons therefore if we want to know the nature of desire—even to know its nature among animals—we should study it in Man. What then is desire—what is its culmination and completion—in Man? Love is the sum and solution of all desires in Man—that in which they converge; the interpretation of them; for which they all exist, and without which they would be considered useless. . . . May it not, must it not, be the same thing in animals and all through creation? Beginning in the most elementary and dim shapes, does it not grow through all stages of organic life clearer and more and more powerful, till at last it attains to self-consciousness in humanity and becomes



EDWARD CARPENTER

From a photo taken in 1905.

avowedly the leading factor in our development. . . . It is then finally in Man—in our own deepest and most vital experience—that we have to look for the key and explanation of the changes that we see going on around us in external nature, as we call it; and our understanding of the latter, and of History, must ever depend from point to point on the exfoliation of new facts in the individual consciousness. Round the ultimate disclosure of the ideal Man, all creation (hitherto groaning and travailing towards that perfect birth) ranges itself, as it were like some vast flower, in concentric cycles; rank behind rank; first all social life and history, then the animal kingdom, then the vegetable and mineral worlds. And if the outer circles have been the first in fact to show themselves, it is by this last disclosure that light is ultimately thrown on the whole plan; and, as in the myth of Eden-garden, with the appearance of the perfected human form that the work of creation definitely completes itself."

Man however had not yet earned the right to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. Just as he was apparently about to enter into the region of the blest, there occurred what may be regarded as a fall; and evolution took another direction. What was the nature of this fall and what have been its effects? Carpenter explains it in the following manner.

The animals in their natural state, that is before they are domesticated, are, as Carpenter says, "whole"; which, according to his definition of health, is as near physical perfection as can be. "In the animals we find this physical unity existing to a remarkable degree. An almost unerring instinct and selective power rules their actions and organisation. . . . In the animals, consciousness has never returned upon itself. It radiates easily outwards; and the creature obeys without let or hesitation, and with little if any SELF-consciousness. And when man first appears on the earth, and even up to the threshold of what we call civilisation, there is much to show that he should in this respect still be classed with the animals."

With the dawn, and the development, of civilisation there grew up institutions and customs which were destined to

Em

↑ must transform the
evil within him to good

= The very Purpose of
his being. Sept 1910
Edwards Carpenter

influence tremendously, for good or ill, man's character; and which gave rise to what Carpenter speaks of as the "fall." Without the qualities thus brought into existence, it is quite safe to say, man could never have attained to his estate. "The human soul which has wandered darkling for so many thousand years, from its tiny spark-like germ in some low form of life to its full splendor and dignity in man, has yet to come to the *knowledge* of its wonderful heritage, has yet to become finally individualised and free, to know itself immortal, to resume and interpret all its past lives, and to enter in triumph into the kingdom which it has won.

It has in fact to face the frightful struggle of self-consciousness, or the disentanglement of the true self from the fleeting and perishable self. The animals and man, un-fallen, are healthy and free from care, but unaware of what they are; to attain self-knowledge man must fall; he must become less than his true self; he must endure imperfection; division and strife must enter his nature. To realise the perfect Life, to know what, how wonderful it is—to understand that all blessedness and freedom consists in its possession—he must for the moment suffer divorce from it; the unity, the repose of his nature must be broken up, crime, disease and unrest must enter in, and by contrast he must attain to knowledge."

This conflict, unrest, unhappiness, will only continue so long as there is opposition between the individual and the social instincts. And as we shall see in a subsequent chapter, this will be only so long as society is based on private property. With the extension of Municipal and National control of the means of life, as our lives and our labours, and our pleasures, become more and more social, as public ownership takes the place of private property, there will come a corresponding change in the disposition of man, as Carpenter points out, until the egoistic and the altruistic instincts are harmonised, and the individual finds his greatest happiness in the welfare of his fellows. This social consciousness, as distinguished from the

extreme self-consciousness of to-day, will come as the result of the latter, just as self-consciousness grew out of the semi-consciousness of the animals and primitive man.

\ The evolution of consciousness opens out a wide and interesting field for speculation and research. / If it is possible for individual self-consciousness to evolve into, and become lost in, social-consciousness are we not justified in assuming that it is, or will be, possible for man to attain a still higher state of consciousness—namely cosmic or universal consciousness? Edward Carpenter believes that we are, nay, he is convinced that we are; and this conviction underlies and permeates all his writings. / Indeed if we accept *Towards Democracy* seriously we must admit that this poem was written under, and is inspired by, some emotion closely akin to, if not exactly of the nature of cosmic consciousness. The absolute faith and optimism, the perfect confidence even in death, the boundless joy, the sense of limitless freedom, the recognition of the equality of all living creatures, and the fullest acceptance of what is considered good and evil, imply a deeper insight into the cosmic processes than the ordinary mortal has yet attained, or they are meaning-less.

I arise out of the dewy night and shake my wings.

Tears and lamentations are no more. Life and death lie stretched before me. I breathe the sweet æther blowing of the breath of God.

Deep as the universe is my life—and I know it; nothing can dislodge the knowledge of it; nothing can destroy, nothing can harm me.

Joy, joy arises—I arise. The sun darts overpowering piercing rays of joy through me, the night radiates it from me.

I take wings through the night and pass through all the wildernesses of the worlds, and the old dark holds of tears and death—and return with laughter, laughter, laughter:

Sailing through the starlit spaces on outspread wings, we two—O laughter! laughter! laughter!

. . . .

What is certain, and not this? What is solid?—the rocks? the mountains? destiny?

The gates are thrown wide open all through the universe. I go to and fro—through the heights and depths I go and I return: All well.

I conceive the purport of all suffering. The blear-eyed boy, famished in brain, famished in body, shivering there in his rags by the angle of the house, is become divine before me; I hold him long and silently by the hand and pray to him.

.

All is well: to-day and a million years hence, equally. To you the whole universe is given for a garden of delight; and to the soul that loves, in the great coherent Whole, the hardest and most despised lot is even with the best, and there is nothing more certain or more solid than this.

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If I am not level with the lowest I am nothing; and if I did not know for a certainty that the craziest sot in the village is my equal, and were not proud to have him walk with me as my friend, I would not write another word—for in this is my strength."

Having given in brief Carpenter's philosophy, let us see how it finds expression in the life of an individual.

✕ "Considerations of space deter me from giving Carpenter's clear, and full, statement of the nature of cosmic consciousness, and the method of attaining it; and I must refer those interested in this question to his *From Adam's Peak to Elephantia*, and *Towards Democracy*. ✓

III.

HIS MESSAGE TO THE INDIVIDUAL.

Is reform needed? Is it through you?

∞ *The greater the reform needed, the greater the Personality you need to accomplish it.*

You! do you not see how it would serve to have eyes, blood, complexion, clean and sweet?

Do you not see how it would serve to have such a body and soul that when you enter the crowd an atmosphere of desire and command enter with you, and everyone is impressed with your Personality?

O, the magnet! the flesh over and over!

Go, dear friend, if need be give up all else, and commence to-day to inure yourself to pluck, reality, self-esteem, definiteness, elevatedness.

Rest not till you rivet and publish yourself of your own Personality.

—WHITMAN.

BELIEVING that many who are striving to free themselves from the artificialities of life will find help in the clear words of Carpenter, I venture to collect and arrange in order some of the most useful of them. But in endeavouring to speak truly and adequately about a teacher not generally accepted we incur many risks. On one hand we may injure our cause by over-stating it; on the other, there is the danger of failing to do justice to our cause if its main points are not put in the most forceful manner possible.

After taking these facts into consideration, it may be said with safety that almost all Edward Carpenter has written has a very important and immediate bearing on

human life. It may also be admitted that he has dealt with every phase of human life. He not only instructs us in the attitude of facing the problem of life, he also teaches us by his writings, and by his own example, how to live; and life to him has a deeper, grander meaning than it holds for most.

It would not be easy to find a teacher whose writings contain more truths that it is desirable to know and remember at the present time. In Carpenter's writings may be found a solution to many of the problems that confront us; and a cure for many of our ailments. It is quite within the mark to say that these writings, containing every progressive tendency, are composed in a style equalled by few modern writers and excelled by none.

X Carpenter's qualifications as a teacher are unique. He possesses a keen and well-trained mind; an extensive and accurate knowledge of Eastern and Western Science and Philosophy; he is perfectly familiar with the conditions prevailing among both rich and poor; and is imbued with a sympathy which is as deep as it is boundless. Hence it follows that his teachings are more comprehensive and vital than those of many of his more popular contemporaries. Now let us look at their close bearing on human life. When we consider carefully this most important and perplexing of all subjects—life—we are soon brought face to face with the fact that the question "Why are we here?" is a vain one. Neither Religion nor Science can answer it. The most that Philosophy, Religion, or Science can do for us is to give us glimpses of the road we have travelled, and, being here, how to make the most of the little time that is ours. And it is because Edward Carpenter does this so fully, withal so sweetly and sanely, that his writings deserve to be better known and understood.

To say that we all desire to live a joyful and healthy life is to give expression to a mere truism; we are all agreed that we ought to be able to enjoy such a life. But very few know how to realise, or even what constitutes a true life. "To obtain a place, a free field, a harmonious expansion."

The true life =

for your activities, your tastes, your feelings, your personality, your self," Carpenter tells us, "is to Live. To be blockaded on all sides, to be pinned down, maimed, and thrust out of existence is to Die." This, though true, were idle did he not also tell us how the conditions necessary for the realization of a true life are to be secured.

To live a full, healthy and joyous life we must learn to know our place in the universe, that is our true relation to external nature, and to our fellows,—and bring into harmony with these relationships our thoughts, emotions, and desires.

Sweet secret of the open air—

That waits so long, and always there unheeded,
Something uncaught, so free, so calm, large confident—
The floating breeze, the fair hills and broad sky,
And every little bird and tiny fly or flower
At HOME in the great whole, nor feeling lost at all or forsaken,
Save man—slight man!

He, Cain-like from the calm eyes of the Angels,
In houses hiding, in huge gas-lighted offices and dens, in ponderous churches,

Beset with darkness, cowers;
And like some hunted criminal torments his brain
For fresh means of escape continually;
Builds thicker, higher walls, ramparts of stone and gold, piles
flesh and skins of slaughtered beasts,

'Twixt him and that he fears;
Fevers himself with plans, works harder and harder,
And wanders far and farther from the goal.

And still the great World waits by the door as ever,
The great world stretching endlessly on every hand, in deep on deep of fathomless content—

Where sing the morning stars in joy together,
And all things are at home.

In order to gain the knowledge, the power spoken of, it is essential that we should develop the faculty of self-control—that is, the mastery of our passions, desires, and thoughts. As Carpenter says: "Mastery is the great word of the Art of Life. There are other words, like Candour, Courage, Perseverance; but Mastery includes them. . . . Mastery: to keep rising out of attachments to any one

thing, and to make all things into symbols, emblems, means of converse, of union with others. . . . Nor must man be enslaved by a motive—lest he become a monomaniac. He must use all motives—to express himself. . . . To express oneself, to bring all the elements of one's nature into harmony—all of them—and then to get them uttered in one's life: to build them out into the actual world, into a means of union with others; how glorious that were!"

From this it will be seen that Carpenter is no fanatic, he does not ask us to be plaster saints—to stamp out all passions or desires. In fact, he teaches us the reverse of this.

"Let the strong desires come and go; refuse them not, disown them not; but think not that in them lurks finally the thing you want.

"Presently they will fade away, and into the intolerable light will dissolve like gossamers before the sun."

And further, "there is no necessity to suppose that desire, in itself, is an evil; indeed it is quite conceivable that it may fall into place as a useful and important element of human nature—though certainly one whose importance will be found to dwindle and gradually disappear as time goes on. The trouble for us is, in our present state, that desire is liable to grow to such dimensions as to overcloud the world for us, imprison and shut us out from inestimable Freedom beneath its sway."

Along with the faculty of self-control will be developed the power of concentration and suppression of thought. In fact, self-control implies this. The need of this faculty is well put in the following passages: "Yet this is an absurd position—for man, the heir of all the ages, to be in: haggard by the flimsy creatures of his own brain. If a pebble in our boot torments us we expel it. We take off the boot and shake it out. And once the matter is fairly understood it is just as easy to expel an intruding and obnoxious thought from the mind. About this there ought to be no mistake, no two opinions. The thing is obvious, clear, and unmistakable. It should be as easy to expel an obnoxious thought

There is desire for Good = the true
 Good - & desire for Evil; true desire
 false desire; right impulse & wrong impulse.

from your mind as to shake a stone out of your shoe; and till a man can do that, it is just nonsense to talk about his ascendancy over Nature, and all the rest of it. He is a mere slave, and a prey to the bat-winged phantoms that flit through the corridors of his own brain. . . . If you can kill a thought dead, for the time being, you can do anything else with it that you please. And therefore it is that this power is so valuable. And it not only frees a man from mental torment (which is nine-tenths at least of the torment of life), but it gives him a concentrated power of handling mental work absolutely unknown to him before. The two things are correlative to each other. . . . I say the power of the thought-machine itself is enormously increased by this faculty of letting it alone on the one hand, and of using it singly and with concentration on the other. It becomes a true tool, which a master-workman lays down when done with, but which only a bungler carries about with him all the time to show he is the possessor of it."

The question now arises: How can these faculties be most completely and swiftly developed? This is only possible by looking at life in a scientific manner. If we do this, we shall see at once that it is necessary for us to simplify and purify our lives. Simplification of life does not mean that we should understudy the cynic Diogenes—and live in a tub! It means rather that we should critically examine our surroundings, so that we may really know what is and what is not necessary to life. It means that we must examine the things commonly regarded as necessities, from the utilitarian point of view; and if the good, the happiness we get from them does not outweigh the pains we take to maintain them, we should get rid of them. In this case they are but so many barriers between us and life. We must dispense with superfluities if we would make the most of the necessities.

This "is a question of facts, and of the art of life. And the facts are these. People as a rule, being extremely muddle-headed about life, are under a fixed impression that the more they can acquire and accumulate in any depart-

The gentleman has not, evidently

ment, the 'better off' they will be, and the better times they will have. Consequently when they walk down the street and see nice things in the shop windows, instead of leaving them there, if they have money in their pockets, they buy them and put them on their backs or into their mouths, or in their rooms and round their walls; and then, after a time, finding the result not very satisfactory, they think they have not bought the *right* things, and so go out again and buy some more. And they go on doing this in a blind habitual way till at last their bodies and lives are as muddled as their brains are, and they can hardly move about or enjoy themselves for the very multitude of their possessions, and impediments, and duties, and responsibilities, and diseases connected with them." Until we are above this "mania of owning things" there is no possibility of our realising a true life.

"Life is an art, and a very fine art. One of its first necessities is that you should not have *more* material in it—more chairs and tables, servants, houses, lands, bank-shares, friends, acquaintances, and so forth, than you can really handle. . . It is so evidently better to give your carriage and horses away to some one who can really make use of them, than to turn yourself into a dummy for the purpose of 'exercising' them every day. It is so much better to be rude to needless acquaintances than to feign you like them, and so muddle up both their lives and yours with a fraud. . . . Is it not a true instinct therefore, of so many individuals in a time like the present, when they find their actual lives nipped and cankered on the surface by the conditions in which they live, to hark back not only to simpler and more 'natural' external surroundings, but also to those more primitive and universal needs of their own hearts, from which they feel a new departure may be made?"

Man is wrapped in conventionalities and prejudices, like a baby in swaddling clothes. These are bound so tightly and are so numerous that man, like the baby, can hardly move a limb; the only thing he can do freely is to howl or wail. This most men do with a vengeance. The racial, national,

< Which this baby does —
 & P. . . .

religious, political, professional, family, and individual prejudices must be temporarily laid aside, if not entirely discarded, so that the man may stand naked, erect and free—so that he may stand face to face with the problem of life, as it presents itself to him; and endeavour to solve it by the strength of his own manhood, not waiting in vain for someone else to solve it for him. The story of the Sphinx has ever a fearful significance. Now, as of old, the Sphinx—Life—propounds a riddle which each of us must answer; if correctly, all will be well, and abiding joy our reward; if incorrectly, we must die.

To rid ourselves of prejudice is difficult; but the power will come with the development of the faculties of self-control, and concentration. The more completely we succeed, the more clearly shall we see the oneness of the human race—of life. National, religious, and other distinctions will fade into insignificance. We shall see that under all distinctions there is our common humanity. In other words, we shall be compelled to recognise the essential equality of man. As Carpenter says: "The medium in which the knowledge of Yourself subsists is Equality. When you have penetrated into that medium (as the young shoot penetrates into the sunlight) you shall know that it is so—you shall realise yourself—but not till then."

Equality, according to Carpenter's conception, is not a thing of sentiment; not a mere theory; no mental illusion. The life and experience of all the best and wisest men and women the human race has yet produced prove it to be nothing more or less than a simple statement of facts.

You cannot violate the law of Equality for long.

~~Whatever you appropriate to yourself now from others, by that you will be poorer in the end;~~

What you give now, the same will surely come back to you.

If you think yourself superior to the rest, in that instant you have proclaimed your own inferiority;

And he that will be servant of all, helper of most, by that very fact becomes their lord and master.

Seek not your life, for that is death;

Why can I not live on
this!

Die to live! He that
loseth ²⁶ his life shall find it,
Edward Carpenter

But seek how you can best and most joyfully give your own life away—and every morning for ever fresh life shall come to you from over the hills.

Man has to learn to die—quite simply and naturally—as the child has to learn to walk.

The life of Equality the grave cannot swallow—any more than the finger can hold back running water—it flows easily round and over all obstacles.

A little while snatching to yourself the goods of the earth, jealous of your own credit, and of the admiration and applause of men.

Then to learn that you cannot defeat Nature so—that water will not run up hill for all your labours and lying awake at nights over it—

The claims of others as good as yours, their excellence in their own line equal to the best in yours, their life as near and dear to you as your own can be.

So letting go all the chains which bound you—all the anxieties and cares—

The wearisome burden—the artificial unyielding armour where-with you would secure yourself, but which only weighs you down a more helpless mark for the enemy—

Having learnt the necessary lesson of your own identity—

To pass out—free—O joy! free, to flow down, to swim in the sea of Equality—

To endue the bodies of the divine Companions,

And the life which is eternal.

Carpenter warns us against idly dreaming of the things that are afar off, and neglecting the things that are near at hand; against trying to emancipate the human race and allowing ourselves to remain the veriest slaves. The admonition is not unneeded. We are so dazzled by the thoughts of the things we intend doing in the future, the life we might live under other conditions, that we are blind to the possibilities of the present, and fail to make the most of our opportunities now. He reminds us that external conditions are of only slight account, are not really obstacles in the path to individual freedom, and in fact may be made to serve our purpose instead of retarding it. If we could convince ourselves that every circumstance in life holds advantages peculiar to itself, what misery, what anguish, we might escape.

Is your present experience hard to bear?

Yet remember that never again perhaps in all your days will you have another chance of the same.

Do not fly the lesson, but have a care that you master it while you have the opportunity.

.

Are you laughed at, are you scorned? ~~Do they gaze at you and giggle to each other as you pass by?~~ Do they despise you because you are misshapen, because you are awkward, because you are peculiar, because you fail in everything you do—and you know it is true?

Do you go to your chamber and hide yourself and think that no one thinks of you, or when they do only with contempt?—

My child, there is One that not only thinks of you, but who cannot get on at all without you.

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Do not fear; do not be discouraged by the tiny insolences of people. For yourself be only careful that you are true.

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What if you had gladly disguised and covered your own defects, allowing thus the ignorant ridicule of the world to fall more heavily on those who could not or would not act a lie?

What if you had been a rank deserter, a cowardly slave, taking refuge always on the stronger side?

Ah! what if one weary traveler in the world, in the steep path painfully mounting, you making it steeper still had added the final stone of stumbling and despair?

Better to be effaced, crazy, criminal, deformed, degraded.

Better instead of the steep to be the most dull flat and common-place road.

Better to go clean under-foot of all weak and despised persons.

.

Do not hurry: have faith.

Remember that if you become famous you can never share the lot of those who pass unnoticed from the cradle to the grave, nor take part in the last heroism of their daily life.

If you seek and encompass wealth and ease the divine outlook of poverty cannot be yours—nor shall you feel all your days the loving and constraining touch of Nature and Necessity;

If you are successful in all you do, you cannot also battle magnificently against odds;

If you have fortune and good health and a loving wife and children, you cannot also be of those who are happy without these things.

.

Have faith. If that which ruled the universe were alien to your soul, then nothing could mend your state—there were nothing left but to fold your hands and be damned everlastingly.

But since it is not so—why what can you wish for more?—all things are given into your hands.

Do you pity a man who having a silver mine on his estate loses a shilling in a crack in his house floor?

And why should another pity you?

And we may add why should we pity ourself?

As an aid to us, in our efforts to learn “this lesson complete,” the value of the Ideal cannot be over-estimated. This being so, it may be well to draw attention to Carpenter’s ideal type of man and woman. First the man :

Who is this, easy with open shirt, and brown neck and face—the whites of his eyes just seen in the sultry twilight—through the city gardens swinging?

(Who anyhow is he that is simple and free and without after-thought? Who passes among his fellows without constraint and without encroachment, without embarrassment, and without grimaces? and does not act from motives?)

Who is ignorant or careless of what is termed politeness, who makes life wherever he goes desirable, and removes stumbling-blocks instead of creating them?)

Grave and strong and untamed,

This is the clear-browed unconstrained tender face, with full lips and bearded chin, this is the regardless defiant face I love and trust ;

Which I came out to see, and having seen do not forget.

Now the woman :—

I see the noble and natural women of all the Earth ; I see their well-formed feet and fearless ample stride, their supple strong frames, and attitudes well-braced and beautiful ;

On those that are with them long Love and Wisdom descend ; everything that is near them seems to be in its place ; they do not pass by little things nor are afraid of big things ; but they love the open air and the sight of the sky in the early morning.

Blessed of such women are the children ; and blessed are they in childbirth. The open air and the sun and the moon and running streams they love all the more passionately for the sake of that which lies sleeping within them.

Recurved and close lie the little feet and hands, close as in the attitude of sleep folds the head, the little lips are not yet parted ;

The living mother-flesh folds round in darkness, the mother's life is an unspoken prayer, her body a temple of the Holy One.

I am amazed and troubled, my child, she whispers—at the thought of you ; I hardly dare to speak of it, you are so sacred ;

When I feel you leap I do not know myself any more—I am filled with wonder and joy—

Ah ! if any injury should happen to you !

I will keep my body pure, very pure ; the sweet air will I breathe and pure water drink ; I will stay out in the open, hours together, that my flesh may become pure and fragrant for your sake ;

Holy thoughts will I think ; I will brood in the thought of mother-love. I will fill myself with beauty : trees and running brooks shall be my companions ;

And I will pray that I may become transparent—that the sun may shine and the moon, my beloved, upon you,

Even before you are born.

Given such fathers and mothers, the future of England, or any other country, will be far more glorious “than e’en the fabled age of gold.” When these conceptions are part of the brain and heart of men and women, the reign of Justice and of Love will be near at hand. And when this time comes, be it soon or late, it will then be seen that Edward Carpenter, if not its first, was undoubtedly one of its sanest and most clear-voiced prophets.

This outline of his message to the individual may be fittingly concluded by the following lines :—

Faithful eyes, fail not.

Though sorrows come upon you, though temptations try, though age and grief assaults you—fail not, fail not.

How many hang upon you for your light,

Shining in darkness—as the stars that shine

Upon the mighty deep for mariners !

O eyes, be true, give all away for that—

Give all your days and all good name and honor,

If need should be, for that. That we may steer

Through the dark night by you.

IV.

HIS MESSAGE TO SOCIETY.

*Wandering at morn,
Emerging from the night from gloomy thought, thee in my
thoughts,
Yearning for thee harmonious union! thee, singing bird
divine!*

*Thee coil'd in evil times my country, with craft and black
dismay, with every meanness, treason thrust upon thee,*

*This common marvel I beheld—the parent thrush I watch'd
feeding its young,*

*The singing thrush whose tones of joy and faith ecstatic,
Fail not to certify my soul.*

There ponder'd, felt I,

*If worms, snakes, loathsome grubs, may to sweet spiritual
songs be turn'd,*

If vermin so transposed, so used and bless'd may be,

Then may I trust in you, your fortune, days, my country;

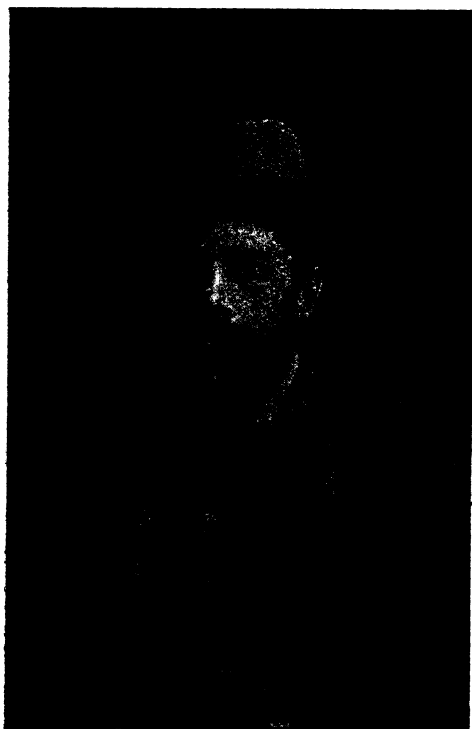
Who knows but these may be the lessons fit for you?

From these your future songs may rise with joyous trills,

Destined to fill the world.

—WHITMAN.

IN the foregoing paper an attempt has been made to state as briefly as possible the central facts of Edward Carpenter's Message to the individual. The object being to stimulate a desire for an intensive individual life, and to suggest the means whereby all that is implied in the phrase "subjective liberty," may be secured.



EDWARD CARPENTER

From a photo taken in 1887.



But they come damned near it. if
we stay there long enough.

Message to Society

31

While admitting that subjective is far more important than objective liberty; while recognising with Lovelace that

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage —

it is still obvious that outward liberty is as essential to the well-being and the happiness of society as inward liberty is to the well-being of the individual. In reality liberty to think and feel and liberty to act cannot be divorced any more than the complex and interacting forces of heredity and environment. Subjective liberty once made possible for us, the problem that inevitably confronts us then is how to secure to each the greatest amount of liberty in action compatible with the liberty of all.

Despite all the talk one hears of freedom and kindred themes, despite the progress we are supposed to have made, it is at once evident to all who look below the surface of things that very little real objective liberty is possible to the mass of humanity under existing social, economic, and political conditions. The recognition of this fact need not cause us to despair however, for it only requires a determined and persistent effort on the part of those who become conscious of the transitory nature of the present unsatisfactory state of society, those who possess a knowledge of the past, understand the present, and realise the possibilities of the future, to transform these temporary evils into lasting blessings. The conditions, the institutions of to-day are but so much raw material out of which we may build a future that shall transcend all our dreams.

There are some elemental facts that society, individually and collectively, must learn before we can expect the direction of our social and economic energies into rational channels. In the first place there is nothing stationary in the universe, change is not only possible and desirable, but absolutely inevitable, and if we do not strive to reach a higher we must sink to a lower plane. In the second place progress and civilisation are meaningless phrases if they bring not to each a freer, fuller and more harmonious life; a

May
me m
have
mater
progress in human
nature but not
in any existing
institution

They are
all
material

*[That - again - in our civilization
but in the dignity of man, only.]*

closer union with his fellows and a more and more complete mastery over external nature. No one has perceived these truths more clearly, or expressed them with greater force than Edward Carpenter.

Carpenter, while exposing the hollowness, and almost utter unsubstantiality of our much-vaunted civilisation, sees in it the germs of something better. And he not only draws our attention to these, but also indicates the direction in which they are most likely to be developed.

At this point it may be well to warn the reader against regarding what follows as Carpenter's entire message to society. I shall confine myself to the phase of his teachings indicated above, an important phase certainly, still only one of many; and for the rest I must refer those interested to the writings themselves.

Carpenter commences one of his most pregnant and characteristic essays by stating that civilisation "is a kind of disease which the various races of man have to pass through — as children pass through the measles or whooping cough." This assertion, though it may sound rather startling, is nearer the truth than it appears on first thought. In connection with the idea "that civilisation is a kind of disease," "there is this serious consideration to be made, that while History tells us of many nations that have been attacked by it, of many that have succumbed to it, and of some that are still in the throes of it, we know of no single case in which a nation has fairly recovered from and passed through it to a more normal and healthy condition. In other words the development of human society has never yet (that we know of) passed beyond a certain definite and apparently final stage in the process we call civilisation; at that stage it has always succumbed or been arrested."

The Roman, Jewish, Greek and Egyptian civilisations are four cases in point. In each of these it is important to note: first that the process has been somewhat similar in character, "quite as similar in fact as the course of the same disease in various persons; and secondly that in no case, as said before, has any nation come THROUGH and beyond

*What good is there in any
disease!!*

this stage; but in most cases it has succumbed soon after the main symptoms had been developed."

Before proceeding to discuss these symptoms of disease, and the probable cure, it is advisable to make perfectly clear what Carpenter means by Civilisation.

"Of course we are aware with regard to civilisation that the word is sometimes used in a kind of ideal sense, as to indicate a state of future culture towards which we are tending—the implied assumption being that a sufficiently long course of top hats and telephones will in the end bring us to this ideal condition, while any little drawbacks in the process, such as we have pointed out, are explained as being merely accidental and temporary. . . . Perhaps it is safer on the whole not to use the word Civilisation in such ideal sense, but to limit its use (as is done to-day by all writers on primitive society) to a definite historical stage through which the various nations pass, and in which we actually find ourselves at the present time. Though there is of course a difficulty in marking the commencement of any period of historical evolution very definitely, yet all students of this subject agree that the growth of property and the ideas and institutions flowing from it did at a certain point bring about such a change in the structure of human society that the new stage might fairly be distinguished from the earlier stages of Savagery and Barbarism by a separate term. The growth of wealth, it is shown, and with it the conception of private property, brought on certain very definite new forms of social life; it destroyed the ancient system of society based upon the *gens*, that is, a society of equals founded upon blood relationship, and introduced a society of classes founded upon differences of material possessions; it destroyed the ancient system of mother-right and inheritance through the female line, and turned the woman into the property of the man; it brought with it private ownership of land, and so created a class of landless aliens, and a whole system of rent, mortgage, interest, etc.; it introduced slavery, serfdom, and wage labour, which are only various forms of the dominance of one class over

another; and to rivet these authorities it created the State and the policeman. Every race that we know, that has become what we call civilised, has passed through these changes; and though the details may vary and have varied a little, the main order of change has been practically the same in all cases. We are justified therefore in calling Civilisation a historical stage, whose commencement dates roughly from the division of classes founded on property, and the adoption of class-government."

Now let us see what justification Carpenter finds for using the word disease in connection with such a stage of human evolution.

"To take the matter on its physical side first, I find that in Mulhall's Dictionary of Statistics the number of accredited doctors and surgeons in the United Kingdom is put at over 23,000. If the extent of the national sickness is such that we require 23,000 medical men to attend to us, it must surely be rather serious! And *they* do not cure us. Wherever we look to-day, in mansion or in slum, we see the features and hear the complaints of ill-health; the difficulty is really to find a healthy person. The state of the modern civilised man in this respect—our coughs, colds, mufflers, dread of a waft of chill air, etc.—is anything but creditable, and it seems to be the fact that, notwithstanding all our libraries of medical science, our knowledge, arts, and appliances of life, we are actually less capable of taking care of ourselves than the animals are. . . . But the word Disease is applicable to our social as well as to our physical condition. For as in the body disease arises from the loss of the physical unity which constitutes Health, and so takes the form of warfare or discord between the various parts, or the abnormal development of individual organs, or the consumption of the system by predatory germs and growths; so in our modern life we find the unity gone which constitutes true society, and in its place warfare of classes and individuals, abnormal development of some to the detriment of others, and consumption of the organism by masses of social parasites. If the word disease is applicable anywhere, I should

say it is—both in its direct and its derivative sense—to the civilised societies of to-day.

“Again, mentally, is not our condition anything but satisfactory? I am not alluding to the number and importance of the lunatic asylums which cover our land, nor to the fact that maladies of the brain and nervous system are now so common; but to the strange sense of mental unrest which marks our populations, and which amply justifies Ruskin’s cutting epigram: that our objects in life are ‘Whatever we have—to get more; and wherever we are—to go somewhere else.’ This sense of unrest, of disease, penetrates down even into the deepest regions of man’s being—into his moral nature—disclosing itself there, as it has done in all nations notably at the time of their full civilisation, as the sense of Sin. All down the Christian centuries we find this strange sense of inward strife and discord developed, in marked contrast to the naïve *insouciance* of the pagan and primitive world; and, what is strangest, we find people glorying in this consciousness—which, while it may be the harbinger of better things to come, is and can be in itself only the evidence of loss of unity and therefore of ill-health, in the very centre of human life.”

But even this is not the worst. We not only serve as prey to the various forms of disease, we have absolutely forgotten what Health really is. Our very conception of health is false.

“The peculiarity about our modern conception of health is that it seems to be a purely negative one. So impressed are we by the myriad presence of Disease—so numerous its dangers, so sudden and unfortellable its attacks—that we have come to look upon health as the mere absence of the same. As a solitary spy picks his way through a hostile camp at night, sees the enemy sitting round the fires, and trembles at the crackling of a twig beneath his feet—so the traveler through this world, comforter in one hand and physic-bottle in the other, must pick his way, fearful lest at any time he disturb the sleeping legions of death—thrice blessed if by any means, steering now to the right and now

to the left, and thinking only of his personal safety, he pass by without discovery on the other side.

"Health with us is a negative thing. It is the neutralisation of opposing dangers. It is to be neither rheumatic nor gouty, consumptive nor bilious, to be untroubled by head-ache, back-ache, heart-ache, or any of the 'thousand natural shocks that flesh is heir to.' These are the realities. Health is the mere negation of them."

Truly we have great need of a Healer—of a cure for our disease. Having thus proved the existence of the symptoms of disease, let us now seek for a remedy; and finding it, let us apply it, even though this necessitates, as it will, an entire reconstruction of our individual and collective life. It will aid us in our attempt to do this to know what really constitutes health; and Carpenter does not leave us in doubt on this point, "Man to be really healthy must be a unit, an entirety—his more external and momentary self standing in some kind of filial relation to his more universal and incorruptible part—so that not only the remotest and outermost regions of the body, and all the assimilative, secretive and other processes belonging thereto, but even the thoughts and passions of the mind itself, stand in direct and clear relationship to it, the final and absolute transparency of the mortal creature. And thus this divinity in each creature, being that which constitutes it and causes it to cohere together, was conceived of as that creature's saviour, healer—healer of wounds of body and wounds of heart—the Man within the man, whom it was not only possible to know, but whom to know and be united with was alone salvation. This, I take it, was the law of health—and of holiness—as accepted at some elder time of human history, and by us seen as through a glass darkly."

Remembering the analogy already drawn between the individual and society, it is evident that this definition applies with equal force to both. It is with the application of this definition to society that we are concerned here. In our last paper we endeavoured to show how unity and harmony might be realised in the life of the individual;

now we must try to show how they may be realised in the life of society. We must first learn, however, how we came to be disunited.

We have already spoken of the part played by Property in the evolution of society. It is to the growth of the idea of property that we must look for the cause of our disintegration. "It is evident that the growth of property through the increase of man's power of production reacts on the man in three ways; to draw him away, namely, (1) from Nature, (2) from his true Self, (3) from his Fellows. In the first place it draws him away from Nature. That is, that as man's power over materials increases he creates for himself a sphere and an environment of his own, in some sense apart and different from the elemental world of the winds and the waves, the woods and the mountains, in which he has hitherto lived. He creates what we call the artificial life, of houses and cities, and shutting himself up in these shuts Nature out

"In the second place the growth of property draws man away from his true Self. This is clear enough. As his power over materials and his possessions increases, man finds the means of gratifying his senses at will. Instead of being guided any longer by that continent and 'whole' instinct which characterises the animals, his chief motive is how to use his power to gratify this or that sense or desire. These become abnormally magnified, and the man soon places his main good in their satisfaction; and abandons his true Self for his organs, the whole for the parts. Property draws the man outwards, stimulating the external part of his being, and for a time mastering him, overpowers the central Will, and brings about his (disintegration and corruption). Lastly, Property, by thus stimulating the external and selfish nature in Man, draws him away from his Fellows. In the anxiety to possess things for himself, in order to gratify his own bumps, he is necessarily brought into conflict with his neighbour and comes to regard him as an enemy. For the true Self of man consists in his organic relation with the whole body of his fellows; and when the man abandons his

do not believe in Carpenter's co-
ception of "rule" but in co-op-
eration between ³⁸ ~~parts of the whole~~ ^{Edward Carpenter}

true Self he abandons also his true relations to his fellows.

The mass-Man must rule in each unit-man, else the unit-man will drop off and die. But when the outer man tries to separate himself from the inner, the unit-Man from the mass-Man, then the reign of individuality begins—a false individuality of course, but the only means of coming to the consciousness of the true individuality. . . . Here in this present stage the task of civilisation comes to an end; the purport and object of all these centuries is fulfilled; the bitter experience that mankind had to pass through is completed, and out of this Death and all the torture and unrest which accompany it, comes at last the Resurrection. Man has sounded the depths of alienation from his own divine spirit, he has drunk the dregs of the cup of suffering, he has literally descended into Hell; henceforth he turns, both in the individual and in society, and mounts deliberately and consciously back again towards the unity which he had lost."

The question may be asked here: "In what direction must man move to ensure this?" "It can hardly be doubted that the tendency will be—indeed is already showing itself—towards a return to nature and community of human life. This is the way back to the lost Eden, or rather forward to the new Eden, of which the old was only a figure. Man has to undo the wrappings and the mummydom of centuries, by which he has shut himself from the light of the sun and lain in seeming death, preparing silently for his glorious resurrection—for all the world like the funny old chrysalis that he is. He has to emerge from houses and all his other hiding places wherein so long ago (ashamed as at the voice of God in the garden) he concealed himself—and Nature must once more become his home, as it is the home of the animals and angels. . . .

"In such new human life then—its fields, its farms, its workshops, its cities—always the work of man perfecting and beautifying the lands, aiding the efforts of the sun and soil, giving voice to the desire of the mute earth—in such new communal life near to nature, so far from any asceticism or inhospitality, we are fain to see far more humanity

and sociability than ever before: an infinite helpfulness and sympathy, as between the children of a common mother. Mutual help and combination will then have become spontaneous and instinctive: each man contributing to the service of his neighbour as inevitably and naturally as the right hand goes to help the left in the human body—and for precisely the same reason. Every man—think of it!—will do the work which he LIKES, which he desires to do, which is obviously before him to do, and which he knows will be useful—without thought of wages or reward; and the reward will come to him as inevitably and naturally as in the human body the blood flows to the member which is exerting itself. All the endless burden of the adjustment of labour and wages, of the war of duty and distaste, of want and weariness, will be thrown aside—all the huge waste of work done against grain will be avoided; out of the endless variety of human nature will spring a perfectly natural and infinite variety of occupations all mutually contributive; Society at last will be free and the human being after long ages will have attained to deliverance."

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